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MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE ; HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY COMPARED WITH FRANCIS BACON.

IT has long appeared to the writer a strange and improbable thing that Michel de Montaigne, Mayor of Bordeaux, should have entrusted to John Florio, *Italian* tutor (in the family of Dr. Barnes, Bishop of Durham) the business of translating *French essays into English*. Stranger still, that the essays thus rendered should be written in pure Baconian English, without a distinctive peculiarity of any kind to stamp them as *translations*. The manner too in which these essays increased in bulk, the alterations in metaphors and sentences, long after Montaigne's death demand fuller explanation than has yet been vouchsafed.

True that commentators, especially Hazlitt, from whose excellent edition we prefer to study, have alluded to the additions which cannot be overlooked, but no special notice is taken of changes and omissions which seem to indicate the touch, *not of a translator, but of the original author*. "It was considered imperative," says the editor, "to correct Cotton's translation (1685—6) by a careful collation with the *Variorum* edition of the original.* . . . The besetting sin of Montaigne's translators seems to have been a propensity for *reducing his language and phraseology to that of the age to which they belonged* . . . *inserting paragraphs and words, not here and there only, but constantly and habitually, from an evident desire to elucidate or strengthen their author's meaning.*" The editor will not allow Montaigne to "stand sponsor for what he never wrote"; he is re-

* Florio's translation, pub. London, 1603; Paris, 1854.

luctant, on the other hand, "to suppress the intruding matter where it appears to possess a value of its own. Nor is redundancy or paraphrase the only form of transgression in Cotton, for *there are places in his author which he thought proper to omit*, and it is hardly necessary to say that the restoration of all such matter to the text was considered necessary to its integrity and completeness." *

Doubtless the greater simplicity of the "Florio" edition makes it in some ways pleasanter reading than the more polished and paraphrased "Cotton"; yet the differences and the causes for them are similar to the repetitions, modifications and additions which are to be found in the various stages of all Bacon's works. Were the ideas and expressions of his early works obscure, misunderstood, or "not easy to unravel," he repeated them paraphrased, with double epithets, fresh allusions and illustrations, until they became plain to ordinary intellects. Dr. Morley hints this in his introduction to "Florio's Montaigne." "There is," he says, "a grace in Montaigne's simplicity, a mixture of the Latin training with the homely vigour of his country speech that no translation fairly reproduces. But John Florio's Elizabethan vigour in an English almost contemporary with Montaigne's French, gives us the nearest attainable equivalent. *Florio nods sometimes; and even mistranslates*; and now and then entangles his translation into knots not easy to unravel, but he can be homely, pithy and idiomatic, and in some of Montaigne's finest passages has nobly caught the spirit of his author."

Consider these remarks, and then face the fact that Francis Bacon, who lived for three years abroad, and *at Bordeaux at the very time when these Essays were first produced in France* (1579-80) declares all the qualities for which they are most highly praised to have been *deficient in his time*. Yes, and until the end of his life. Here is the corroborative but independent evidence of a recent French editor of Montaigne's Essays. It is evident that this French authority finds in the French language neither "grace" nor "homely vigour" previous to the time when "*Montaigne*" took in hand to enrich and strengthen it.

"*Montaigne found French prose almost in the cradle, and the French language in a state of infancy. Behind him there was no model which could stand as an authority; none which could impose upon him either*

* Pref. to W. C. Hazlitt's "*Essays of Montaigne*," London, 1877.

rules or restraint; . . hence came that form of speech so full of variety, so independent, constructing a hardy tongue, luxuriating in naïve audacity, and in images whose warm colour created words whenever expressions proved rebellious." *

These words written fifty years ago, before a public search-light had been turned upon Bacon and his works, accurately express the condition of the English vernacular before the time when by his influence a new model of language was formed and set before the eyes of a wondering world. "*Montaigne*" is said to have created the French language, as Bacon created modern English—by the same methods, and with the same permanent result.

Recently a discovery has been made which throws unexpected light upon the connection existing between Bacon, Florio, and Montaigne. In the collection of "Pembroke papers," † at the British Museum, are some documents which prove that John Florio "the Holofernes of Shakespeare," was amongst the "able pens" who aided Bacon in the production of his voluminous works. It remains to be seen under what names the books were published which Florio translated and published abroad, but here is evidence that he did so.

In a letter to Mons. Jurnall, Florio states that by the order of King James he has "*translated the King's works and printed some of them beyond the seas. Also Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, and some of Lord Bacon's writings.*" A petition presented by Mons. Jurnall to "the Duke" (of Buckingham?) sets forth that James promised Florio an annuity of £50 as interpreter of foreign languages, and translator "*not only of his Majesty's works, but of Arcadia and the whole of the works of Visct. St. Albans.*" "It is now," says the petition, "a year and a half since I was relieved by your bounty. Petitioner is 70 years old, and has a credit of £350." The date of this petition is 1621, the year of Bacon's fall.

Another pathetic letter, to the Earl of Middlesex, begins thus:—"Two queens, and the eminent subjects of the land, whereof 4 earls, and 3 lords, sit with your honourable lordships at the stem of this State have heretofore been my scholars;" he asks on the same grounds

* Lettre A. M. Villemain de l'Académie Française sur l'Eloge de Montaigne. Par P. Christian, 1842.

† See *Government Commission Historical MSS.*, Vol. 10. xiv. 276, 277.

as before, for arrears of pension. Hence it is proved that *Florio translated Bacon's works from English into foreign languages and for publication abroad*; and that King James (whose supposed works are curiously mixed up with Bacon's) knew of this, and *because of it*, pensioned Florio.

On the other hand, readers of Montaigne's genuine *Letters* will find in them none of the characteristics of the *Essays*, nothing to suggest to the mind of a unbiassed critic the possibility of their being produced by the same dull pen which wrote those prosaic epistles.

So long as he lived the Mayor of Bordeaux continued on terms of intimacy with the brothers Anthony and Francis. After Francis returned to England "Anthony left Bordeaux and the society of Montaigne," but nine or ten years later, before he came home from abroad to lodge with Francis in Coney Court, we again read that "Anthony had gone once more to reside at Bordeaux, in the sunny home of his friend Montaigne." * Before his death in 1592, Montaigne came to England on a visit to Francis, but this little episode is omitted by Spedding from the "*Letters and Life*."

From all this it is plain that Montaigne and his doings must have been perfectly well-known to Bacon, and *if* the *Essays* were truly written by Montaigne, they were precisely of the kind which would commend themselves to a young man who had in youth made in his *Promus* this entry: "*Anosce teipsū*"—*know thyself*, a maxim which he continually enforces. The proper study of mankind is Man—Man the Microcosm, † the little world in himself, and in a man's own self to be best studied and understood. And so throughout the *Essays* Montaigne impresses upon his reader that they present a true portrait of *himself*:—"Do I not lively display myself? . . . All the world may know me by my book, and my book by me." ‡ "Montaigne alone," says Dr. Morley, "has sought with philosophical serenity to study life in the one man he knew." "*Montaigne alone*," and yet we know that this very study occupied Francis Bacon from youth upwards, and that we may trace him with this idea of self-contemplation or introspection as a preliminary and necessary introduction to the study of human nature which he recommended, and

* Hepworth Dixon's "Story of Bacon's Life," p.p. 27, 37, 29.

† See *BACONIANA* i 70; ii. 265—274; iii. 90. ‡ *Ess. B R.* iii. chap. 5.

which he declared to be "*deficient*." Bacon does not limit this deficiency to his own country; he implies that such researches into human nature are *lacking*, and must be undertaken as part of the necessary branches of science for the advancement of learning. Nowhere does he hint that, already, France had produced one excelling writer, who, so far as such knowledge is possible, had enabled us to know him as well as we know ourselves.

Not only did Bacon ignore the great essayist, but declared, when he published essays under his own name, that the word "*essay*" is "*new*." "Yet," says Hazlitt, "it remains true that *the Essays of Montaigne are the only book in the world of this kind*." How are we to reconcile these contradictions? The history of essay-writing begins with *Montaigne*, and passes next to Bacon. Each used the word essay in its true sense, as an assay or analysis of some subject of thought. Bacon's essay was of life in many forms, and with full attention to its outward circumstances. *Montaigne's* essay was of the inner life of man, as it was to be studied in the one life which he best knew—in himself. Bacon's character shall, if space be granted, receive consideration in a future chapter; but, meanwhile, it may be observed that it was no mean or grudging spirit that prevented him from acknowledging or alluding to the essays which were published previous to his own "*Moral Essays*." His biographers consent in the opinion given by his chaplain and secretary, Dr. Rawley, and which his own utterances confirm:—

"He was no dashing (*pretentious*) man, as some men are, but ever a countenancer and fosterer of another man's good parts. He contemned no man's observations, but would 'light his torch at every man's candle.' He disliked and despised a "*carping*" spirit of detraction, and would give every man his due, as a rule, saying nothing if he could say no good.

With such a disposition, it seems incredible that he should to the end of his life ignore the famous *Essays* of his old friend, and declare that class of work to be amongst the "*deficients*" in literature.

The minute self-examination of "*Montaigne*" brings out so many points of resemblance to Francis Bacon, that a volume might be filled with comparisons. For the present all that can be done is to let him tell his own story as briefly as may be, without injuring the fulness

and raciness of the complete passages. Discrepancies and dissimilarities may for the most part be left to our critics, who will, no doubt, find pleasure in discovering and making the most of them. For our own part, where *Montaigne* says that he "was born betwixt eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon, the last day of February, 1533," or that "Rome conferred upon him the empty favour of citizenship," that he married when he was thirty years of age, or that the Parliament of Bordeaux chose him for mayor of their city, we merely see the usual characteristic *mixture* common to all "feigned histories," the versatile author in this case hiding himself under the cloak of middle-age and dull respectability, knowing full well that the utterances of a young man of eighteen or nineteen would have been laughed to scorn. In days when the New Learning was almost regarded as vicious, when "He who had a book was more secure to keep it shut than shown,"* poor hunted learning must hide itself (like vice) and crouch in the shadow, or else

—"like the wandering wind,
Blow dust in other's eyes to spread itself."†

"*Montaigne*" tells us that he was a very apt and forward boy—a Latin scholar at five years old, reading Ovid by stealth at seven or eight, then "running through" Virgil's *Æneid*, Terence, Plautus, and the Italian comedies, with delight, "allured by the sweetness of the subject." He preferred books to boyish sports, and had from his earliest years decided ideas quite in advance of his age. His home education was (as we may presently see) quite peculiar; but he went very young to college, and "when I came out of the college at thirteen years, I had run through my whole course, as they call it, and in truth without any advantage that I can honestly brag of."‡

Who can read this without thinking of the youthful Francis "passing the circle of the liberal arts,"§ "going through the course," and then "conscious of a disappointment," and "falling into the dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle; not for the worthlessness of the author, . . . but for the unfruitfulness of the way—being a philosophy . . . barren of works for the benefit of the life of man;

* *Pericles*, i. 1. † *Ib.* ‡ *Montaigne*, Ess. i., chap. xxv., p. 213.

§ Dr. Rawley's *Life*.

in which mind he continued to his dying day."*. Montaigne had apparently the same "fixed grounds and notions from within himself" which were observed in Francis Bacon,† for he continues: "Almost from my infancy *my judgment has been ever one*: the same inclination, the same turn, the same force; and as to universal opinions, I fixed myself from childhood in the place where I resolved to stick."‡

Much farther on he gives us fully to understand the confidence which he had in his own judgment. There is no conceit, but a plain frankness, in his declaration that, "In things wherein I stand in need of *nothing but judgment*, other men's reasons may serve to fortify my own, but have little power to dissuade me. I hear them all with civility and patience: but, to my recollection, I never made use of any but my own." And this "judgment," of which he is conscious as his great gift in youth, was, he considers, fully mature at twenty: "For my part, I believe our souls are adult at twenty as much as they are ever likely to be, and as capable then as ever."§

"My understanding," he says in the later edition of the *Essays*, "does not go forward; it goes backward, too . . . I am grown old by many years since my first publications, but I very much doubt whether I am grown an inch wiser. I now, and I anon, are two several persons, but whether better I cannot determine."

We are inclined to stop and ask what were the *first publications* to which Montaigne here alludes? Surely they were not published under the name of "*Montaigne*"? But this passage arrests us by its affinity to Bacon's early *Promus* entry (No. 152)—

"*All is not in years to me; somewhat is in houres well spent,*" and also to the numerous places in *Shakespeare* where the famed fixed "grounds and notions" reappear. He said with Falstaff:—

"I am only old in judgment and understanding."||

He was as the soldier says of his captain—

"An aged interpreter, though young in days";

or, better to compare him, he was Sir Proteus, who "hath made use

* *Ib.*, and Spedding, *Let. Life*, i. 3, 4. † *Ib.*, p. 11. ‡ "All one ever the same" (Sonnet). § — i. 1, p. 483. || 2 *Hen. IV.*, i. 2.

and fair advantage of his days . . . his years but young, but his experience old. His head unmellowed, though his judgment ripe."*

"Montaigne" finds himself, on close inspection, to have become "of late *too ripe*." In youth his "excess of sprightliness" made him at times to forget duty for pleasure; and "I found it necessary when I was young to *put myself mind*† to solicit myself to keep my duty. . . . Years every day read me lessons of coldness and temperance. I now defend myself from these as I formerly did from pleasure." We recall the many times that we have heard or read of the tender-hearted, "impatient," "fiery" Francis spoken of as a "cold," hard man; and it seems as if, in these words of "*Montaigne*," we learnt how he was for ever drilling himself into that philosophic calmness and moderation which alone could have carried him through such a life as his proved to be. "A man ought to moderate himself against the hatred of pain or pleasure, and *Plato sets down a mean between the two*."

Hence we learn indirectly that it was from Plato that Nerissa gleaned the useful bit of philosophy with which she sought to make her mistress a little ashamed of grumbling:—

Por. "By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world."

Ner. "You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with little. *It is no mean happiness to be seated in the mean*: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer."‡

Portia feigns to regard her waiting maid's reflections as words without matter. "Good sentences," she says, "and well pronounced"; but Nerissa has the best of the argument: "They would be better if well followed."

Montaigne often refers to himself as *old*; but it is evident that, not only such expressions may be used in order to convey the impression that the Essays were from the pen and brain of an oldish man, but also these descriptions of himself must be taken in the same sense as those of Francis Bacon, when he writes of himself at the age of thirty

* *Tim. Ath.*, v. 4. † *Two Gen. Ver.*, ii. 3. ‡ See *Promus* entry, No. 287 : "You put me in mynd." § *Mer. Ven.*, i. 2.

that he "waxed ancient; thirty is a good deal of sand in a man's hour-glass." In a similar strain says *Montaigne*: "*I am in the avenues of age, being past forty.*" *

We pass over for the present his remarks about his own "heaviness," "sloth," and "want of memory," "a languishing invention," &c., which seem to accord ill with his other records that he had "*a bold imagination, and opinions above my age.*" These points may be returned to if space is given for a chapter upon the *characters of Montaigne* and Bacon. For the present we confine ourselves more to his personality, and to some peculiar circumstances, habits, and ideas of his which he records. For instance, concerning his personal appearance, hear his own words." †

"I am of *something less than the middle stature*, a defect bordering on deformity, and that carries a great deal of inconvenience with it for those who are in office and command; for the authority which a graceful presence and a majestic mien begets is wanting. Where there is a contemptible stature, neither *the largeness and roundness of the forehead, nor the brightness and sweetness of the eyes, nor the moderate proportion of the nose, nor the littleness of the ears and mouth, nor the evenness and whiteness of the teeth, nor the thickness of a well-set beard, shining like the husk of a chestnut, nor curled hair, nor the just proportion of limbs*, can make a handsome man. I am, as to the rest, strong and well-knit; my face is not puffed, but full, and my complexion between jovial and melancholic, moderately, sanguine and hot . . . *Agility and address I never had*, and yet *I am the son of a very active and sprightly father*, who continued to be so to an extreme old age." †

He is very sensitive to sweet smells, of which he is a lover, and as much abominates the ill ones, which he perceives more quickly than most men. This seems to have been noted of Francis Bacon in childhood, little as has been *published* concerning "those early years, when we see him a man among boys; now playing with the daisies and speedwells, now with the mace and seals; one day cutting posies with the gardener, or crowing after the pigeons, the next day paying his

* Ess. ii., p. 422. † The reader is asked to compare this description with that of *Cervantes*, given by himself, and quoted in *BACONIANA*, Vol. IV., January, 1899, p. 47.—EDITORS. ‡ Ess., vol. ii., pp. 421, 422.

pretty compliment to Queen Elizabeth." Later on, when at College, we read of "his fall of brown curls, his ripe jesting mouth . . . in his face a thought for the bird on the tree, *the fragrance in the air*, no less than for the Greek dialectics, and the twelve books of Euclid. Later still, when Twickenham Park was his home, we read again of his delight in the flowers and birds, the sweet sounds and smells of the country. But do we need, with the *Essay on Gardens*, and with the detailed preparations made for writing that essay which we have to hand in the *Sylva Sylvarum*, do we need to be told that Francis Bacon was keenly alive to the delights of sweet smells? Was it not he who taught their value and respective merits which are all repeated in the poetry of Shakespeare? "Because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air." And then both in essays and century of notes, he tells us of the "morning roses washed in dew" of the sweet briar, the sweetness of whose leaf outsweetened not the breath of sweetest Imogen—of the pinks and gilliflowers, the bays, rosemary and sweet majoram, the honeysuckles and others which canopy Titantia's bower, of the bean flowers (or "Pease blossom"), whose breath in the air is, Bacon says, most delightful of all, and of the wild thyme, camomile and other plants, which give forth their perfume when crushed or trodden on.

As to the "ill-smells," Montaigne associates them as does Bacon in the *Sylva* and in the *Essay of Building*, with "unwholesome air." In choosing his dwelling he says, "My chiefest care is to avoid a thick and stinking air; and those beautiful cities Venice and Paris, very much less the kindness I have for them, the one by the offensive smells of her marshes, the other by her dirt! . . . I fear a fog, and fly from smoke as from the plague; the first repairs I fell upon in my own house were the chimneys and houses of office."* Those who will not even take the trouble to examine Bacon's scientific common-place book may at least turn to his *Essay of Building*, and see what he there says about him "that builds a fair house upon a ill seat . . . where the air is unwholesome."

"*Montaigne*" gives a reason for building his house; *it is the same*

* i. 141 and ii. 580—582.

reason which moved Bacon to do likewise, his desire—namely, to accomplish that which his father had begun and wished to be done.

“*My father took a delight in building** at Montaigne where he was born, “and in all the government of domestic affairs I love to follow his example and rules, and I shall engage those who are to succeed me, as much as in me lies, to do the same. Could I do better for him I would; and am proud that his will is still performing and acting by me. God forbid, that in my hands I should ever suffer any image of life, that I am able to render to so good a father, to fail. And wherever I have taken in hand to strengthen some old foundations of walls, and to repair some ruinous building, I have done it more out of respect to his design, than to my own satisfaction; and am angry at myself, that I have not proceeded further to finish the beginnings he left of his house, and so much the more, because I am likely to be the last possessor of my race, and to give the last hand to it.”†

Hepworth Dixon describes Sir Nicholas Bacon as a man with “an original projective mind. The grounds laid out by him at Gorham-bury suggested to his son those ideas on gardening which, developed in his essays and other writings, have led to the foundation of an English style” (*of gardening or of writing?*). “The scheme . . . for a school of law, policy, and languages in London was perhaps the germ of the *New Atlantis*, the idea (*of a Solomon’s house*) being transferred from statecraft to nature.”‡ We are at the end of our tether, and can, for the present, only conclude by drawing attention to the fact that the devotion to his father was as strong and notable in Francis Bacon as in “*Montaigne*,” and that the former as well as the latter, aware that he would probably be the last of his race, was all the more anxious to leave “some heir of his invention,” for, as he says in the *Essay of Marriage*, “Certainly the best works and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried and childless men, that, both in affection and means, have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges.”

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* Note that this “building” may have an ambiguous meaning.

† Ess., vol. iii. 221. See BACONIANA, i., 76—79; iii. 13.

‡ Hepworth Dixon’s “Story of Bacon’s Life,” p. 17.

IS IT POSSIBLE ?

IN this chapter we propose to examine into the rights of an objection which has of late prominently obtruded itself in the minds of most thoughtful students of these pages ; an objection which undoubtedly presents a ready handle to antagonists prepared to clutch at any weapon which may be turned against us. This objection is both rational and judicious, it springs spontaneously into the mind of everyone who for the first time encounters the theories and arguments in favour of the *Universal Authorship* of Francis Bacon, and it will be well that we open, and enquire into the case more closely than has hitherto been done in print.

“Is it possible,” we ask ourselves and are asked by others, “setting aside probabilities, is it *possible* that any one man could have had time during a working life of, say fifty years, to have accomplished the enormous amount of valuable work which is being gradually claimed for Bacon and piled up on his pyramid of learning ? Suppose him to have been endowed with all the faculties and knowledge, to have had at his command the varied talents, the opposite kinds of temperament, the protean changes of mood, frames of mind and general versatility not only of intellect but, of humour, but one may almost say of idiosyncrasy and nature. Grant all this (and it is much to grant), and even thus, could the life of any man be long enough to achieve all that is being attributed to the efforts of Francis Bacon ? Wait yet, for we have not stated all the case against you. Francis Bacon was in no sense *a man of leisure* ; he had from early manhood public duties to perform, fixed work to tie him, and to take up his time. He was an active public servant, a man living in society and in the air of the Court ; a lawyer, an experimental philosopher to boot, and in every way a busy, stirring character. Will you also make him a prolific poet and dramatist, historian, theologian, a facile writer on every subject, and in every branch of the subject ? ”

Before attempting to discuss any methods by which Francis Bacon may have arranged his work so as to economise time, and to avoid mechanical labour, we will in the first place turn to a brief consideration of the amount of work which, without any special aid,

appliances, or extraordinary and abnormal abilities other men of various nationalities have been supposed to have accomplished in the way of voluminous writing.

Richard Baxter, "the eminent Nonconformist preacher," was born in 1615, and died 1691. He is "*said to have written*" 145 works on distinct subjects, as he says, "*in the crowd of all my other employments.*" What the 145 works were does not appear. The "Saint's Everlasting Rest," "Dying Thoughts," and "Call to the Unconverted," are the best known, the rest being all polemical works by no means "distinct."

Thomas Heywood, a dramatic writer and actor in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., is said to have written 220, some say 240 plays, of which only 20 are extant. He also wrote a "Life of Merlin," "Life of Queen Elizabeth," "Lives of the Nine Worthies," and other pieces. Neither the date of his birth nor that of his death are on record. (*See Maunder's Biog: Dictionary.*)

Caspar (or Gaspar) Barthius is a man whose history demands inquiry. We confess to the strongest suspicions concerning "this voluminous author," whose *account of himself* presents some points of striking resemblance to the autobiographies of other "authors" who we are learning to identify with Francis Bacon. "At nine years old he recited by heart all the comedies of Terence, without missing a line." The learned admire the puerile prodigy, while the prodigy was writing books before he had a beard.* Such was his devotion to a literary life, that he retreated from the busy world.† He laughs at Statius, who congratulated himself that he employed only two days in composing the "Epithalamium upon Stella," containing 278 hexameters. "This," says Barthius, "did not quite lay him open to Horace's censure of the man who made 200 verses in an hour, '*Stans pede in uno.*' Not," adds Barthius, "but that I think the censure of Horace too hyperbolic, for *I am not ignorant what it is to make a great number of verses in a short time, and in three days I translated into Latin the three first books of the Iliad, which amounted to 2,000 verses.*" Thus rapidity and volume were the great enjoyments of this learned man's pen. *Barthius, on the system he had adopted, seems to have written a whole library*; a circumstance which we discover by the

* Comp. *BACONIANA* iii. 27—36; iv. 48—51. † *Ib.* p. 51—54.

continual references made in his printed works to his manuscript productions." * It does not appear that his biographers can give account of the "library" which he is supposed to have written. All the same it is evidently not considered *impossible* that Barthius should have written this mass of literature, or that he should have written with such "extreme facility" that he had no need to use collections or references, but was able "to trust to his memory, which was probably an extraordinary one."

Pietro Sarpi, better known by his monastic name of Fra Paolo, seems to have united in himself all the learning and most of the intellectual faculties notable in Francis Bacon. In reading the life of the former, we continually come upon descriptions and details which apply with absolute directness to the latter, and we perceive that only the possession of similar powers of mind could have enabled Fra Paolo "with ease and rapidity," in the midst of active work as professor of theology, proctor-general of his order, consulting theologian for the Venetian Republic and Councillor for the tribunal of the Ten, to produce the quantity of learned books on very different subjects and at the same time (like Bacon) to prosecute all kinds of erudite studies and experiments in natural philosophy. Amongst the subjects in which he was accounted proficient, and upon which (in days pronounced by Bacon to be "deficient" in most of them) he wrote with ease and rapidity, are the following:—Theology, Church History, Universal History, the Classical Authors of Greece and Rome, and the Oriental languages, the Canon Law, and Venetian Law and Logic, Treatises on the Tides, the Barometer, and Physical Science in all its branches, Astronomy, "Infinite Mathematics," a Treatise on Algebra. He made experiments in optics, anatomy, vivisection, medicine, chemistry, botany, mineralogy, the transmutation of metals, treatises on projectiles and the war engines of the ancients. Baptista Porta, Fabricius, and Galileo all confessed obligations to him, so did Gilbert with regard to terrestrial magnetism. He studied natural history, and is thought to have foreseen the invention of the telescope; it is also said that he accepted no conclusions which he could not verify by experiment.†

* *Secret History of Authors*. Cur: Lit. v. 26—28.

† See *Quarterly Review*, Ap. 1893. No. 352, p. 375.

Michel de Montaigne, if his own word is to be taken, "feared to glut the world with his works"; but this appears the extreme of modesty when no work is attributed to him, excepting, at the most, two volumes, of *Essays*, for the "*Voyages*" de Montaigne are not by him, but by some travelling companion who writes of "*M. de Montaigne*," or includes himself with Montaigne under the pronoun "*we*."

Lope de Vega. This "prolific" Spanish dramatist may be said to beat the record both for speed and volume. We are informed that he "*wrote upwards of 2,000 original pieces*, but not more than 300 of them have been printed. *He himself has stated that his average amount of work was five sheets a day*; and it has been calculated that he composed during his life 133,225 sheets, and about 21,300,000 verses.

We have now some satisfactory data to go upon; for no one has hitherto declared it to be "monstrous," or "ridiculous" to suppose Barthius, Sarpi, or Lope de Vega capable of all that is here ascribed to them. Yet these men have none of them been regarded as pre-eminent, superior to their kind, illuminated by a "beam from heaven." They were ordinary mortals, distinguished certainly, but not charged with having done anything incredible or impossibly tremendous. Therefore we may safely base our calculations upon them, and since it has been said that knowledge may be defined as that which can be proved by statistics, let us try what we can do by this method, and, discarding for awhile all theories and efforts to reconcile difficulties, or to supply deficiencies, let us reduce this question to a matter of simple arithmetic.

For example, Thomas Heywood is said to have written 220 or 240 plays. That is a good number. Suppose we strike an average and say that he wrote 230. We shall find that all the English plays known as the drama of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. do not come up to that number, and even including the plays of Congreve, Shadwell, Otway and some *very* minor plays published in the later part of the 17th century, they still hardly reach the number "said" to have been attained by Thomas Heywood. The precise number of plays "*written*" by some of these authors is not decided, but we believe that in the following list good measure has been accorded to each:—

| | | | | | | | |
|----------------------|-----|-----|----|---------|-----|-----|---|
| Shakespeare | ... | ... | 40 | Otway | ... | ... | 9 |
| Thos. Heywood | ... | ... | 24 | Marlowe | ... | ... | 8 |
| Middleton | ... | ... | 32 | Marston | ... | ... | 8 |
| Ben Johson | ... | ... | 18 | Webster | ... | ... | 8 |
| Massinger | ... | ... | 18 | Decker | ... | ... | 6 |
| Chapman | ... | ... | 16 | Peele | ... | ... | 5 |
| Baumont and Fletcher | ... | ... | 12 | Green | .. | .. | 5 |
| = total, 209. | | | | | | | |

This reckoning leaves, *at the lowest computation*, 21, and at the highest, 31, plays which may be divided amongst the smaller fry—Chittle, Day, Gosson, Howard, Kidd, Munday, Nash, to whom no more than three or four plays each have been attributed—and to Congreve and Shadwell, whose names are affixed each to 5 plays. Any way, there remains a margin before we reach the higher number of plays attributed to Thomas Heywood—namely, 240.

Yet may it not be imagined that we consider all these plays to have been the original work of Francis Bacon. With many of them we are unacquainted, and consequently offer no opinion upon them. Many are flat, dull and unprofitable, some appear needlessly coarse, a quality which, to our judgment, would at once exclude them from the Baconian catalogue. But we do believe, and are not afraid to affirm, that in very early youth, in mere boyhood, Francis did write, with the speed and facility which his secretary afterwards declared to be incredible to those who had not witnessed it, a quantity of poetry and slight plays which ran out at his pen as fast as they ran into his fancy, and which he neither sought to polish nor correct. His worst was surely then as good as ordinary men's best, and to write a "stage-play" at all was, in those days, an original work.

However, to return to our point. The amount of play-writing accepted as a matter of course when attributed to Thomas Heywood, whose history is almost unknown—a man of no account; such an amount of play-writing, we say, cannot be considered impossible or even improbable as the "works of recreation," of a youth myriaminded, versatile, and learned so as to dismay the masters whom he outstripped by declaring that the learning of the university itself was barren of fruits for the use of man, and that they could teach him nothing to his purpose. "The most prodigious wit that the world ever saw" was certainly capable in his lighter hours of throwing off at will the airy nothings of which many of these "minor" dramas are

composed, but in many cases it is probable that he did not even trouble himself to frame a plot, but merely took the crude efforts of the "poet-apes," and dressed them up in the "good forms" of graceful language, which Dr. Rawley assures us came not through study or plodding upon books, but from innate, and, as it were, spontaneous genius.

But now for a few more statistics. Until this date (January, 1896) men of letters have allowed it to go forth to the world, and to appear as a matter of history, that "Lope de Vega wrote upwards of 2,000 original pieces" (of which only 300 have been printed), and that "he himself has stated that his average amount of work was five sheets a day," and upon this is based the calculation that "he composed during his life 133,225 sheets and about 21,300,000 verses."

We are afraid of attacking the first of these statements, because it may be a question as to what is meant by "2,000 *pieces*," whether plays, pieces of poetry, masques, or what not should be included? We therefore prefer to close with the definite assertion that Lope de Vega "*composed 133,225 sheets*," which we take to be pages folio, and with this we may compare the works of many of the "authors" with whom we are concerned. Reduced to the normal standard of folio pages, we find the following to be the total sum of such works as have hitherto been brought into discussion. The difference in size of type and of pages make it difficult to be accurate, but whenever there has been reason to question the number of pages or the amount which they might contain we have decided the case against ourselves.

| | FOLIO PAGES. | | FOLIO PAGES. |
|-----------------------------|--------------|--------------------------------|--------------|
| Bacon's Authentic Works | ... 955 | Wither's " " | ... 250 |
| Shakespeare Plays and Poems | 950 | Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity | ... 395 |
| Sidney's Works | ... 600 | Cawdrey's Treasury of Similes | 225 |
| Marlowe | ... 525 | Rosicrucian Tracts | ... 200 |
| Spenser | ... 300 | Dryden's Poems | ... 325 |
| Marston | ... 570 | Sandy's Poems | ... 225 |
| Ben Jonson | ... 665 | Quarles' "Emblems" and | |
| Middleton | ... 880 | "Fancies" | ... 150 |
| Chapman | ... 400 | Lily's Euphuës | ... 220 |
| Massinger | ... 350 | Montaigne's Essays | ... 550 |
| Webster | ... 250 | Burton's Anatomy of Melan- | |
| Lope de Vega | ... 625 | choly | ... 450 |
| Drayton | ... 250 | Camden's Annals | ... 200 |
| Donne's Poems | ... 100 | Wilkin's Treatises | ... 300 |
| Crashaw's " " | ... 170 | Sir Kehelm Digby's | ... 300 |

| | FOLIO PAGES. | | FOLIO PAGES. |
|--------------------------------|--------------|--------------------------------|--------------|
| John Evelyn's | ... 300 | Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living | |
| Selden's Table Talk and Law | | and Dying—Sermons, &c... | 350 |
| Tracts | ... 250 | Fuller's Good Thoughts, &c... | 300 |
| Sir T. Browne's Common Errors, | | Baxter's "Saints' Rest," &c... | 300 |
| and other Treatises | ... 130 | | |

Need we go farther? All these added together amount to little more than 13,000 out of the 133,225 which is the number of sheets attributed to, and declared to have been written by, Lope de Vega. It will indeed be a very special kind of special pleading which will dare to argue that although this thing was possible to the one man, it was impossible to the other and far greater poet-philosopher. *What man hath done man can do.* We do not pretend at this point to inquire if it be true that Lope de Vega did all that he is positively said to have done, but we do insist, that the thing held possible for him was possible to the "most prodigious wit," "who filled up all numbers," and that if we were to multiply by TEN the list of pages given above we should include all the original work of an age, the vast and *universal* work which we ascribe to Francis Bacon.

THE BOAR'S HEAD.

WE would, if possible, clear up a certain confusion or mystification which has by some means involved, disarranged, or jumbled up the traditions connected with the Boar's Head Taverns in London, associating them on the one hand in an intimate manner with the legends of *Shakespeare* and the story of Sir John Falstaff in the play of *Henry IV.*, on the other hand showing them to have been historically connected with the family of Sir John Falstolfe, whom yet we are requested to understand was a person totally disconnected with the Sir John Falstaff of the plays. There are many documents extant which give particulars as to the various owners and occupiers of these Boar's Head Taverns, but since most of these have been simply and pleasantly noticed in a condensed form in Cassell's "Old and New London," we will take the liberty to quote directly from that useful compilation the passages which most closely

touch upon our subject so far as modern discoveries of "Shakespearian" relics are concerned.

"On the removal of a mound of rubbish in Whitechapel, brought there after a great fire, a carved box-wood bas-relief boar's head was found set in a circular frame formed by two boar's tusks, mounted and united in silver. An inscription to the following effect was pricked at the back:—'William Brooke, landlord of the Bore's Hedde, Estchepe, 1566.' This object, formerly in the possession of Mr. Stamford, the celebrated publisher, was sold at Christie and Manson's on Jan. 27, 1855, and was bought by Mr. Halliwell (afterwards Halliwell Phillips). The ancient sign, carved in stone, with the initials I.T. and the date 1668, is now preserved in the City of London Library, Guildhall.

"In 1834 Mr. Kempe exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries a carved oak figure of Sir John Falstaff, in the costume of the 16th century. This figure had supported an ornamental bracket over one side of the door of the last 'Boar's Head,' a figure of Prince Henry sustaining the other. This figure of Falstaff was the property of a brazier whose ancestors had lived in the same shop in Great Eastcheap ever since the Fire. He remembered the last great Shakespearian dinner at the Boar's Head about 1784, when Wilberforce and Pitt were both present; and though there were many wits at table, Pitt, he said, was pronounced the most pleasant and amusing of the guests." *

The Boar's Head, Eastcheap, between Small Alley and St. Michael's Lane, the back windows looking out on the churchyard of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, which was removed with the inn, rebuilt after the Great Fire in 1831, for the improvement of new London Bridge. In the time of William Maitland, the topographer (born 1693), the inn was labelled, "This is the chief tavern in London." Several documents and deeds of trust mention this old tavern, "the Boar's Head, Eastcheap," near the "George Alehouse," which in 1714 was in the occupation of Joseph Lock, barber, having had its sign changed from the "Boar's Head" to that of the "Lamb and Perriwig."

The great notoriety given to this Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap seems due to a notion or tradition that at this tavern *Shakespeare*

* "Old and New London," i. 561.

supposes Falstaff and his boon companions to have made merry together. Mistress Quickly, the typical hostess, is dubbed mistress of this convivial establishment, and all the fun, wit, and roystering gaiety of the plays of *Henry IV.* have somehow been made to cluster round the history or traditions of the "Boar's Head in Eastcheap."

"The very name of the Boar's Head in Eastcheap recalls a thousand Shakesperian recollections; for here Falstaff came panting from Gad's-hill; here he snored behind the arras whilst Prince Harry laughed over his unconscionable tavern bill; and here, too, took place that wonderful scene where Falstaff and the prince alternately passed judgment on each other's follies, Falstaff acting the prince's father, and Prince Henry retorting by taking up the same part. . . . This is one of the finest efforts of Shakespeare's comic genius."*

Goldsmith, who visited the "Boar's Head," has contributed to keep up the tradition by leaving "a delightful essay upon his day-dreams there, totally forgetting that the original inn had perished in the Great Fire." Years afterwards Washington Irving, who delighted in all things Shakespearian, did the same, and the association of ideas between "Boar's Head" and "*Shakespeare*" has now become so closely entangled and knotted that it may appear well-nigh hopeless to attempt the unravelling of these two distinct threads. It is observable that, when a weak or unproved assertion is to be enforced, the expression "*of course*" is considered all that is needful to drive the nail up to the head, and to ensure consent to the proposition. "Of course," however, is further strengthened by "*everybody*," which gives a sense of public opinion and infinitude against which arguments must be futile.

"Everybody knows that of course the Boar's Head Tavern was the one which Shakespeare had in his mind"; and if a too inquisitive learner should ask how it is known that the Boar's Head was intended as the scene of Falstaff's jollity, he may be told the very thing which incited the present enquiry: "*Why, of course, everybody knows that the play says so.*" Thereupon the too inquisitive learner looks to see, and finds in the original copies no allusion to the Boar's Head Tavern, in the Shakespeare Concordance no allusion, in the plays of *Henry IV.* no allusion; *but*—when we reach *modern editions* (Steevens, Valpy,

* "Old and New London," i. 62.

Globe, Leopold, &c.), we read at the head of certain scenes as follows :—

- (*Henry IV.*, Part I.) Act ii. "Scene 4. Eastcheap. A room in the Boar's Head Tavern."
 " " " " Act iii. "Scene 3. *The same*, as above."
 (*Henry IV.*, Part II.) Act ii. "Scene 4. London. A room in the Boar's Head Tavern."

These explanatory headlines are, we repeat, *not in the original* ; they come under the class of corrections which Bacon points out as *making the most corrected editions the most incorrect*.

Observe next that, in 2 *Hen. IV.*, ii. 1, where Fang, at the instance of the "Hostess" (who presently speaks of herself as "Gossip Quickly"), arrests Falstaff, she declares before the Chief Justice that Falstaff had sworn to marry her, "*sitting in my Dolphin chamber*, at the round table by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week," &c. What can be meant by Mrs. Quickly's "*Dolphin chamber*" but a room in her inn the *Dolphin*, not the Boar's Head? Moreover, when Mrs. Quickly reappears in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, we find her as "servant to Dr. Caius," and there is no word or hint of her having come to Windsor from the "Boar's Head." Yet what a falling off was there, if we are to suppose the hostess of "the chief tavern in London" to have declined into the position of a doctor's servant!

"Another celebrated inn in the High Street, Southwark, was the 'Boar's Head,' which formed a part of Sir John Falstolf's benefactions to Magdalen College at Oxford. Sir John Falstolf (*here a footnote says this Sir John Falstolf is not to be confounded—though often confounded—with Shakespeare's Falstaff*) was one of the bravest of English generals in the French wars under Henry IV. and his successors. . . . We learn from Mr. C. J. Palmer's *Perlustration of Great Yarmouth* that the Falstolf family had their town residence in Southwark, nearly opposite the Tower of London, and that the Boar's Head Inn was the property of Sir John Falstolf. This is proved by a letter to John Paston of as early a date as 1459, in which Henry Windsone says that his master, Sir John Falstolf, desires him 'to set up in the Boar's Head.' John Timbs, in his *Autobiography*, says: 'Of a modern-built house, nearly opposite the east end of St. Saviour's

church, my father and brother had a long tenancy, though the place has better claim to mention as being one of the ancient inns, the "Boar's Head," Southwark, and the property of Sir John Falstolf, of Caistor, Norfolk, and of Southwark, and who had a large house in Stoney Lane, St. Olave's. Sir John was a man of military renown, having been in the French wars of Henry VI., and was governor of Normandy; he was also a man of letters and learning, and at the instance of his friend, William Waynfleet, Bishop of Winchester, the founder of Magdalen College, Oxford, Sir John Falstolf gave the "Boar's Head" and other possessions towards the foundation.' In the *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, edited by Dr. Bliss, is the following entry of 1721 (June 2nd): 'The reason why they cannot give so good an account of the benefaction of Sir John Falstolf to Magdalen College is because he gave it to the founder, and left it to his management, so that 'tis suppos'd 'twas swallow'd up in his own estate that he settled upon the College. However, the College knows this, that the Boar's Head in Southwark, which was then an inn, and still retains the name, tho' divided into several tenements (which brings the College £150 per annum), was part of Sir John's gift.' *"

In the "Alleyn Papers,"† printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1843, we read (pp. 11, 12) that in a memorandum-book kept by Alleyn himself is an item which shows that Edward Alleyn (at what precise date does not appear) was in possession of an inn called the "Boar's Head, which had formerly been kept by his elder brother, John Alleyn. No locality is stated; but it would be very singular if it were the very Boar's Head in Eastcheap, which existed in the time of Shakespeare, and which he has made so famous. It was, however, not an uncommon sign in London; and the inn which John Alleyn at one time kept in Bishopsgate, and which he inherited from his father, may have been so called. . . . Amongst numerous notes 'of all my writings, deedes, or evidences, bondes or bills belonging to me,' entered by Edward Alleyn on December 13th, 1608, the following are crossed out:—

* "Old and New London," vi. 87, 88.

† A collection of original documents illustrative of the life and times of Edward Alleyn, and of the early English stage and drama, with an introduction by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

"Of the Bores Head.

A leas from Julyan Cropwell to

John Alen.

His pol dede to me.

A bond on the same.

My hous on the Banck.

The leas to Curtis.

Roberts his sale to me."

We have now to draw attention to a fact which may perhaps let in new light upon the existence and the importance attached to the Boar's Head taverns, and their association with *Shakespeare* and Edward Alleyn. *A Boar's Head was the crest of the Bacon family*, and was one of the many means by which Francis Bacon introduced hints of himself and his doings into the hieroglyphic designs, as well as into ambiguous and punning allusions in his works. After a while *A Boar's Head in a Castle* seems to have taken the place of the mere Head, and then "Boar and Castle" signs appeared, as in the old "Boar and Castle Hostelry and Posting House," which was built about 1620, and occupied the present site of the Oxford Music Hall, near the junction of Oxford Street with Tottenham Court Road.*

But long before 1620, the "Boar and Castle" had been insinuated into the emblematic and ambiguous head-lines and tail pieces of Baconian works, and circumstances in connection with the use of this device force us to the conclusion that it was not a simple, hap-hazard ornament, but a significant mark used by experts and for a purpose.

We have observed it at the earlier dates in religious books. For instance, in "*A treatise of the Church, by Philip de Mornay*," printed by Charles Barker, 1581, there is a flat emblematic design, including the Royal Arms, and the Freemason signs of cornucopias, chains, pearls, the head of truth, crowned with 9 feathers or argus eyes, and to the left, a *Boar's Head in a Castle*. On the Boar's Head is a *crescent*, and on a shield to the right is a similar *crescent*, symbol of *Light out of darkness, but also the heraldic distinction in coat armour of a Second Son, which Francis Bacon was*.

This same design is in "*A Commentary on the Book of Job, by Theodore Beza*" (pub. Bishop, 1589). It is also used as a tail-piece to Sermons ix. xiii. xv. and xx., attributed to, or "preached by" Jeremy Taylor, 1634, and to Sermon viii. and the rest as above in the 1654 edition of the same Sermons.

But the "Boar's Head and Castle" is not limited to religious works,

for it is also to be seen in the 1st edition of Ben Jonson's Works, 1616, at the end of "*The Poetaster*," again in the 1638 edition of "*Sidney's Arcadia*" in the frontispiece, and no doubt in many other places were they sought out. In "*Sidney's Works*" we have observed in several editions an evident intention to make the family crest, which is a *Porcupine*, appear like a *Pig*, which Bacon often adopted as a substitute for the Boar. He seems to have been always ready with a joke or a quibble at the expense of his own uneuphonious patronymic, and perhaps some day our bright decipherers may discover that many dragged in remarks about Hog, Pig, Boar, Bacon in the *Shakespeare* plays, and elsewhere are nothing whatever, but parts of cipher sentences in which it was necessary to introduce the awkward name Bacon, in one case, with Sir John Falstolfe,* in another Francis Bacon with his own Christian name† twenty times repeated, and which being thus repeatedly called receives no answer by the ambiguous, but significant word *anon*. In a third place the name may be in connection with the writing of "*Bartholomew Fair*,"‡ in a fourth with some such comparison of Bacon to Alexander the Great (or "the Pig," Fluellen calls him) as was indulged in by a contributor to our last number.§

These things may be but curious coincidences; we lay no stress upon them, but in the facts connected with the crest of the Bacon family, and in the palpable connection between the names of Falstolf and Falstaffe, we find a degree of interest which we shall be glad to see shared by scholarly readers.

S. A.

* 1 *Hen. IV.*, ii. 4. † *Ib.* ‡ 2 *Hen. IV.*, ii. 4; 2 *Hen. V.*, iv. 7.
§ See "*Of Patterns and Models*."

SOME COMPARISONS BETWEEN BACON'S "ESSAYS OF DEATH" AND "SHAKESPEARE."

"**M**EN fear death as children fear to go in the dark, and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other."—*Ess. of Death*.

" . . . The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil."—*Macb.* ii. 2.

" Be alive again,
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence horrible shadow (of a dead man).
—*Macb.* iii. 4.

"Tush! Fear boys with bugs."—*Tam. Sh.* i. 2. Comp. *Ham.* v. 2, 12—25.

"I have often thought upon death, and I find it the least of evils."
—*Post. Ess. of Death*.

"Most of the philosophers . . . increase the fear of death in offering to cure it. . . . They must needs think that it is a terrible enemy against whom there is no end of preparing."—*Remains*, p. 7.

"Certainly the Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations made it more fearful. And by Seneca it was well said: 'The array of the death-bed has more terrors than death itself.' *Groans and convulsions and a discoloured face, and friends weeping, and blacks and obsequies, and the like, show death terrible.*"
—*Ess. of Death*.

"'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy inspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river of the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly."—*Ham.* i. 2.

"We mourn in black," &c.—1 *Hen.* VI. i. 1.

"Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument,
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial."—*M. Ado* iv. 1.

"Shed *obsequious tears* . . .

No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial."—*Tit. And.* v. 3.

"'Tis sweet and commendable . . . to give these mourning duties . . .

For some term to *do obsequious sorrow*."—*Ham.* i. 2.

"Ah, what a sign it is of evil life

When *death's approach is seen so terrible*."—2 *Hen.* VI. iii. 3.

"Certainly the contemplation of *death, as the wages of sin*, and passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. . . . You shall read in the friars' book of meditations that a man should think with himself what the pain is if he have but his finger's-end pressed or tortured, and thereby imagine what the pains of death are when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved, when many times death passeth with less torture than the pain of a limb; for the most vital parts are not *the quickest of sense*."—*Ess. of Death*.

"Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and *ta'en thy wages*," &c.

—See *Cymb.* iv. 2, Song.

Isab.

" . . . Darest thou die ?

The *sense* of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies."

Claud. " . . . Death is a fearful thing.

. . . 'Tis too horrible :
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what *we fear in death*."

—*M. M.* iii. 1. Comp. Nos. 4, 5.

"I know many wise men that fear to die, for *the change is bitter*, and flesh would refuse to prove it; besides, the *expectation* brings terror, and that exceeds the evil. But I do not believe that any man fears to be dead, but only the stroke of death. . . . *Death exempts not a man from being*, but only presents an *alteration*."—*Post. Ess. of Death*.

"Come *bitter* conduct, come unsavoury guide (*Death*)."

—*Rom. Jul.* v. 3.

"His punishment was *bitter death*."—*Rich. III.* ii. 1. and iv. 4. 7.

"The miserable *change now at my end*, lament not, nor sorrow at."
—*Ant. Cleo.* iv. 13.

"*To be or not to be*, that is the question. . . . To die, to sleep;
To sleep perchance, to dream: Ay, there's the rub . . .
Must give us pause . . . *the dread of something after death* . . .
. . . Puzzles the will," &c.—*Ham.* iii. 1.

"It is worthy the observing that there is no *passion* in the mind of man so weak, but *it mates and masters the fear of death*. . . . Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honour aspireth to it; grief flieth to it. . . . (Seneca adds that) a man would die, though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a *weariness to do the same so oft over and over*."—*Ess. of Death*.

"I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope . . . a keeper back of death,
Who would dissolve the bands of life."—*Rich. II.* i. 2.

"Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay,
The worst is death, and death must have his day."
—*Rich. II.* iii. 2.

"Death, death, O amiable, lovely death," &c.—*John* iii. 4.

"I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed."—*Ant. Cl.* iv. 12.

"Life is as *tedious as a twice-told tale*," &c.—*John* iii. 4.

"Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul
That apprehend'st no farther than this world,
And squar'st thy life accordingly."—*M. M.* v. 1.

Comp. "*Actum Agere*" (*Promus* 788), "To do the deed done."
—*Son.* lxxvi; *John* iv. 2, 1—20. "Tired with *iteration*."—*Tr. Cr.*
iii. 2. "To tire with repetition."—*Cor.*, i. 1. "Weary for the
staleness."—*Per.* v. 1.

"Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind when body's work's expired," &c.
—*Son.* xxvii.

"Then can I grieve at grievances foregone," &c.—*Son.* xxx.

"So is my love still telling what is told," &c.—*Son.* lxxvi.

"It is no less worthy to observe how little alteration in good spirits

the approaches of death make; for they appear to be the same men till the last instant."—*Ess. of Death*.

Claud. "I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. "Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter," &c.—*See Speech*.

Claud. "I humbly thank you
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And seeking death, find life: let it come on.
If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms."—*M. M.* iii. 1.

"Men that . . . go to their graves as beds."—*Ham.* iv. 4.

"A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: *insensible* of mortality."—*M. M.* iv. 3. *Comp. Ante.* Nos. 3, 4.

"All that is past is as a dream; and he that hopes or depends upon time coming dreams waking."—*Post. Ess. of Death*.

"Learn, good soul, to think our former life a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are, shows us but this."
—*Rich. II.* v. 1.

"My dream is lengthen'd after life . . .
I pass'd unto the kingdom of perpetual night."—*Rich. III.* i. 4.

"We are such things as dreams are made of, and
Our little age is rounded with a sleep."—*Temp.* iv. 1.

"Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing!"—*Cymb.* v. 4.

"To die, to sleep; to sleep, perchance to dream."—*Ham.* iii. 1.

"All those hours which we share, even from the breasts of our mothers, until we return to our grandmother the earth, are part of our dying days, whereof this is one, and those which succeed are of the same nature, for we die daily."—*Post. Ess. of Death*.

"The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb.

What is her burying grave? That is her womb," &c.

—*Rom. Jul.* ii. 3.

"Common mother, thou, whose womb immeasurable
And infinite breast teems and feeds all."—*Tim. Ath.* iv. 3.

"The queen that bore thee . . .
Died every day she lived."—*Macb.* iv. 3.

"As others have given place to us, so we must in the end give place to others. . . . I make not love to the continuance of days, but to the goodness of them. . . . Were it given me to choose, I should not be earnest to see the evening of my age."—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

"I fill a place, I know it . . .
Let me not live after my flame lacks oil,
To be the snuff of younger spirits . . .
I, after him wish, too,
Since I, nor wax, nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give more labourers room."—*All's Well* i. 2.

"Physicians in the name of death include all sorrow, anguish, disease, *calamity*, or whatsoever can fall in the life of man, either grievous or unwelcome. But these things are familiar to us, and we suffer them every hour."—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

"To die, to sleep
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to . . . respect,
That makes *calamity* of so long life," &c.—*Ham.* iii. 1.

"*This ruler of monuments* (Death) leads men for the most part out of this world with their heels forward, in token that he is contrary to life."—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

"If charnel houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back; *our monuments*
Shall be the maws of kites."—*Macb.* iii. 4.

"The earth that's Nature's mother is her tomb
What is her burying grave? That is her womb."
—*Rom. Jul.* ii. 3.

"Life . . . sends men headlong into this wretched theatre, where being arrived, their first language is that of mourning."—*Post. Ess. Death.*

Lear. " . . . We came crying hither;
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry . . .
When we are born we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools."—*Lear* iv. 6.

"I hold the world but as . . . a stage, where every man must play his part, and mine a sad one."—*Mer. Ven.* i. 1.

"If riches might find place, I would die together, and not my mind often, and my body once; that is, I would prepare for the messengers of death, sickness, and affliction, and not wait long, or be attempted by the violence of pain."—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

"Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend you," &c.
—*Temp.* iii. 3.

"I suffered the pangs of three several deaths," &c.
—*See Merry Wives* iii. 5, *Falstaff.*

"I will die a hundred thousand deaths," &c.—1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2.

"A man can die but once."—2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2.

"Say you can swim; why there you quickly sink.
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death."
—3 *Hen. VI.* v. 4.

"This, like a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me *superfluous death.*"—*Ham.* iv. 5.

"Better it were a brother died at once
Than that a sister . . . should die for ever."
—*M. M.* ii. 4.

"What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths."—*M. M.* iii. 1.

"I . . . to do you rest, a thousand deaths would die."—*Tw. N.* v. 1.

"All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy."—*Wint. T.* iv. 3.

"Tis best that thou diest *quickly.*"—*M. M.* iii. 1.

"I consent with *Cæsar*, that the suddenest passage is easiest, and there is nothing more awakens our resolve and readiness to die than the quieted conscience, strengthened with opinion that we shall be well spokén of upon earth by those that are just, and of the family of virtue; the opposite whereof is a fury to a man, and makes even life unsweet."—*Post. Ess. of Death.* Compare the following extract from the same.

Jul. Cæs. "Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of death but once."

—*Jul. Cæs.* ii. 2.

Bru. "Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die we know: 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon."

Cass. "Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death."

Bru. "Grant that, and then is life a benefit :
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death."—*Jul. Cæs.* iii. 1.

"Therefore, what is more heavy than evil fame deserv'd? Or likewise, who can see worse days that *he that yet living doth follow at the funerals of his own reputation.*"—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

Macb. "Had I but died an hour before this chance
I had lived a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: *renown and grace is dead.*"

—*Macb.* ii. 3.

"I have liv'd long enough : my May of life
Is fall'n into the sere and yellow leaf,
And *that which should accompany old age,*
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends
I must not look to have ; but in their stead
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

—*Macb.* v. 3.

"Defend your *reputation* or bid farewell to your *good life* for ever."
—*Mer. Wiv.* iii. 3.

"Thy *death-bed* is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest *in reputation sick.*"—*Rich. II.* ii. 1.

"With a noble fury, and fair spirit
Seeing *his reputation touch'd to death*
He did oppose his foe."—*Tim. Ath.* iii. 5.

"Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O ! *I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself,* and what remains is bestial ! My reputation, Iago, my reputation !" —*Oth.* ii. 3.

"We have seen the best of our time, machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves." —*Lear* i. 2.

"Whilst I am, my ambition is not to fore-flow the tide; I have but so to make my interest of it as I may account for it ; I desire nothing

but might better my days, nor desire any greater place than *the front of good opinion*. I make not love to the continuance of good days, but to the goodness of them ; nor wish to die but refer myself to my hour which *the great Dispenser of all things* hath appointed me."—*Post. Ess. of Death*.

"Thus ready for the way of life or death I wait the sharpest blow."
—*Per. i. 1.*

"I am resolved for death or dignity."—2 *Hen. VI. v. 2.*

"You are all resolved rather to die ? . . . Resolved, resolved."
—*Cor. i. 1.*

"*Opinion* that did help me to the crown."—1 *Hen. IV. iii. 1.*

"I have bought golden *opinions* from all sorts of people," &c.
—*Macb. i. 7.*

"O Thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch . . .
Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be."
—2 *Hen. VI. iii. 3.*

"Such are my hopes that *if heaven be pleased, and nature renew but my lease for twenty-one years more*, without asking longer days, I shall be strong enough to acknowledge without mourning, that I was begotten mortal."—*Post. Ess. of Death*.

"*If I could have a lease of my life* for a thousand years, I could stay no longer."—2 *Hen. IV. iv. 10.*

"Macbeth shall *live the lease of Nature*, pay his breath to time and mortal custom."—*Macb. iv. 1.*

"Some consequence . . . shall begin his fearful date
With this night's revels: and *expire the term*
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death."—*Rom. Jul. i. 4.*

"*As long a term as we have yet to live.*"—*Cymb. i. 2.*

"Tut, tut, . . . food for powder ; they'll fill a pit as well as better ; tush, man, *mortal men, mortal men.*"—1 *Hen. IV. iv. 2.*

"He is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, *we are all mortal.*"—*Much Ado, i. 1.*

"The swords that make such waste in brief mortality."
—*Hen. V. i. 2.*

"What dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil."—*Ham.* iii. 1.

"As mortal as an old man's life."—*Ham.* iv. 5.

"The night was even now: but that name is lost; *it is not now late, but early.* Mine eyes begin to discharge their watch, and compound with this fleshly weakness for a time of *perpetual rest.*"

"Afore me! it is so very late, that we
May call it early by-and-bye . . .
Is she not down so late or up so early."

—*Rom. Jul.* iii. 5.

"'Tis odd-even and dull watch o' the night."—*Oth.* i. 1.

"Bid you good-morrow . . . God ye good den. Is it good den?
'Tis no less . . . for the hand of the dial is now upon the prick of
noon."—*Rom. Jul.* ii. 4, and see *Of Night and Morning, Rom. Jul.*
ii. 3, 1.

"Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye," &c.

—See *Rom. Jul.* ii. 3.

"To the *perpetual* wink for aye might
This ancient morsel."—*Temp.* ii. 1.

"So be my grave my peace."—*Lear* i. 1.

"I shall presently be as happy for a few hours, as I had died the
first hour I was born."—*Post. Ess. of Death.*

"Gone! they went hence as soon as they were born," &c.

—*Cymb.* v. 4; comp. *Ante.*

"Men must endure their going hence even as their coming hither."

—*Lear* v. 2.

"Ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers . . . say that right for right,
Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night."

—*Rich. III.* iv. 4.

"Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to fame and extin-
guisheth envy. "*When dead, the same person shall be beloved.*"—
Ess. of Death.

"*Extinctus amabitur idem.*"—*Promus*, 6C

"Duncan is in his grave:

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!"—*Macb.* iii. 2.

"She's good, *being gone*."

—*Ant. Cl.* i. 2, &c.; see *Promus*, 60.

"Above all, believe it, *the sweetest canticle* is '*Nunc Dimittis*,' when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations."—*Ess. of Death*.

"Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably," &c.

—2 *Hen VI.* iii. 3.

"Vex not his ghost: O let him pass! He hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."—*Lear* v. 3.

"The rest is silence.

Now cracks a noble heart,—Good-night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."—*Ham.* v. 2.

"Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me . . .

Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him . . .

. . . I sit meditating

On *that celestial harmony* I go to."—*Hen. VIII.* iv. 2.

DR. OWEN'S CIPHER METHOD.

IT is the object of the writer to give to the readers of *BACONIANA* a report of his investigations of the work of Dr. O. W. Owen, of Detroit, U.S.A., who claims to have found the true method of deciphering various writings by Francis Bacon concealed in his acknowledged works, in the Folio of 1623, and the works of Spenser, Marlowe, Peele, and Green. As a subscriber to *BACONIANA*, and one intensely interested in whatever may possibly lead to a more extended knowledge on the subject, the writer has felt that any publications which claimed so boldly the attention of all students of Shakespeare and Bacon ought to be carefully and impartially looked into, and the results as impartially stated in *BACONIANA*. Therefore, the visits to Dr. Owen's workshop in Detroit have been more frequent and more prolonged than they would have been for mere personal satisfaction.

It is one thing to understand a matter like this, and quite another to present it as it should be, and tell others what they are to think. As to the latter I make no pretensions; but it seems best to present the case just as it is, as before an open court, and permit every one to be his own judge and draw his own conclusion.

The first volume of "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story," by Dr. O. W. Owen, appeared in 1893, and has been followed by a number of other volumes. All these Dr. Owen claims to have deciphered by the same method, aided by two or three assistants who have been trained by him. The first book created a great deal of interest; comparatively few found the book acceptable. Belief, confidence, faith, were of course enormously overmatched by disbelief, incredulity, doubt, and suspicion. The great majority of readers said nothing, probably fearing to be committed. A large number rushed into print to indignantly and scornfully reject the book; to name its author as a madman and a swindler, desirous of selling his wares in a sensational manner, and to warn people against what he had done or might ever do. Much of the correspondence was from avowed Baconians who wished to protect Bacon's reputation from being sullied with publications in his name which they considered in every respect unworthy of him, unlike him, and in the highest degree improbable. If public attention could have been concentrated on the method rather than the results, in the writer's opinion it would have been better for Dr. Owen the discoverer of the cipher.

The doctors say that inflammation means heat, and that there is no inflammation without a cause for it. It was the "heat" displayed that attracted the writer's attention. Evidently so much inflammation could not be caused by a splinter. The indications were so numerous and so persistent as to create the conviction that there must be unusual strength either in the book or its author. An absolute humbug would have died easily, while in this case opposition and conference were openly invited. Therefore it seemed worth while to read the book, and open a correspondence with the author. This led to an invitation to visit his "workshop," and to see the "wheel" and the exact methods employed. Accordingly, in February, 1893, the writer went to Detroit. Dr. Owen made no hesitation in answering questions and in explaining anything that seemed obscure. The writer stated the purpose of his visit—namely, that, having read Vol. 1, he wished to ascertain how much was true or false; and if he found it necessary to proclaim the affair a sham, he should unhesitatingly do so; he wished especially to ask Dr. Owen whether it would not have been an evidence of better faith to have made public his cipher method at the start, and thus have forestalled criticism?

Dr. Owen accepted the conditions, stating that later on the writer should answer his own question, and at once introduced him to the room where stands the "wheel." Here three assistants (two being typewritists) were engaged in deciphering in accordance with Dr. Owen's method. The "wheel" and the cipher method (key-words and their concordents) have been explained in *BACONIANA* of April, 1895. Dr. Owen was at that time doing no work beyond criticising results, for two of his assistants had long since become perfectly familiar with the method. To test the accuracy of the method, the key-word relating to the "Story of the Spanish Armada" (afterwards published by Dr. Owen) was given to the writer, who was shown how to proceed. With pencil in hand he copied about one hundred lines from various parts of the wheel, following the key-words, and then put these disconnected sentences and parts of sentences together in such a way as to make an intelligible statement without adding a word. Having finished, he was about to read aloud the result, when Dr. Owen stopped him, and taking from a drawer a type-written manuscript (the existence of which the writer did not know), read it also aloud. The two copies corresponded almost exactly, and the differences proved to be slight errors in copying on the part of the writer. Other shorter tests were made, and the writer soon after left, reserving his opinion "until he had time to think it over," and had found opportunity to investigate independently as to whether some new law of rhetoric were not involved. The thing was, at all events, extremely puzzling; and, if a fraud, there were at least six persons living up to an ingenious and elaborate lie, and committed to this attitude for some time to come. That any considerable number of reputable people should be party to so gigantic a lie is almost beyond belief; assuming that Dr. Owen could (as he, of course, stoutly maintains) prove the existence of his method to any impartial mind beyond a doubt.

Vol. 1 made it plain that one of two things was true: either Dr. Owen invented the matter contained in that book, and then proceeded to hunt for scattered sentences all through the Folio, Bacon's acknowledged works, Spenser, Peele, Green, and Marlowe, laboriously fitting these sentences together so as to make continuous sense (which sense must also conform to the plot of the book he was inventing), or else he had a method which enabled him in some mechanical way to

find these sentences and put them together. Either fact was of sufficient importance to bring down showers of applications for more light.

Hitherto Dr. Owen had explained his methods to but a few trusted friends and to his co-workers, being satisfied beyond a doubt he would have run a great risk—that of having some other decipherer, using the disclosed method, bring out rival books. So little being generally known, there always has been a “plentiful lack” of faith; of course, most people disbelieve in Dr. Owens.

Since his first visit the writer has devoted much time to cipher methods, has investigated Dr. Owen's method in a number of directions; and, notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Owen's results are in some degrees astounding and unconformable with history, there still remains no escape from the above conclusion. Every candid reader, however great his indignation at statements controverting history or preconceived notions of his own, must admit that one of the two above statements is a statement of facts. There is no middle course.

With this in mind, and having explained the result of the first visit to a number of friends who impatiently reviled the whole affair, to others who refrained from doing so from motives of politeness, and to a few who followed Dr. Owen, the writer determined, about two years after his first visit, to make another trip to Dr. Owen's workshop. During these two years Dr. Owen had been constantly under fire; the newspapers gave great prominence to the fact that they did not accept his discoveries. Some frequently expressed their opinion that, though his methods were not capable of being readily explained, they could not be disposed of with a word—yet that his published books seemed in many ways ridiculous. Some few people who were denied access immediately became violently antagonistic.

The first impulse, in almost every case in the writer's experience, has been to disbelieve in Dr. Owen's results so thoroughly as to give their words and manners every appearance of personality. Much in the same way, “rabid and bigoted” Shakespearians answer a Baconian's arguments by calling him a lunatic. It was to be expected that some people would, without enquiry, regard Dr. Owen's whole career with adamant suspicion; but many thoughtful readers will be more fair-minded.

In spite of abuse, and of the fact that merely from a financial

aspect the difficulty of carrying on the work was stupendous, Dr. Owen kept on with it. This task of constantly defending himself while spending many hours at the "workshop," was a tremendous strain, and his health gave out under it. Finally he was obliged to give up work, and to go to Colorado to recruit his health. He was absent from his workshop for several months, and after his return to Detroit did not revisit it or superintend the work oftener than once or twice during several months; but his assistants went on deciphering without consulting him.

This fact is so startling that it deserves further attention. It is, therefore, proper for the writer to say, that he was in a position to know when and how long Dr. Owen was in Colorado. On the writer's third visit to Detroit (December, 1895), he was at once admitted to the workshop, and spent several hours there before Dr. Owen made his appearance. During that time he was permitted to see anything that he asked to see, all questions that he asked were answered freely, and explanations made. He satisfied himself from the testimony of the clerks, and the members of the publishing firm, as well as from the testimony of individuals in Detroit personally known to him (and familiar with Dr. Owen's movements) that for many months Dr. Owen had nothing whatever to do with the deciphering, which was going on in his office, but that this work was actually done by two and sometimes three of his assistants, one of whom had been with him from the beginning, and two others who had been taught later. From all this it follows that Dr. Owen's method is capable of being readily explained to others, and it does not require that they should be familiar, as Dr. Owen is, with Shakespeare's plays or Bacon's acknowledged works.

A part of the work upon which Dr. Owen's assistants were engaged at the time of the writer's last visit, was the deciphering of the translation of the Iliad from the "wheel." The writer has always been, since his university days, familiar with Homer, both in the original and translation, and it required but a few moments to find out that Dr. Owen's assistants were none of them in the least conversant with the Iliad. Upon examining a large pile containing about 2,000 sheets of large foolscap covered with extracts made from the various works above mentioned, the writer became satisfied, much to his surprise, that these notes contained many passages from the Iliad, some obscure

and not to be recognized by any one unfamiliar with the Iliad from beginning to end, unless that person had some guide like a key-word to go by. The writer readily satisfied himself that Dr. Owen's assistants were not capable from their own knowledge of picking out these different quotations or extracts from the Iliad, and in point of fact, it is improbable that there are many people in the world who could take up Bacon's works, and the folio of 1623, and run a pencil around extracts from the Iliad often, or wherever they appear. The knowledge necessary for such a task is obviously far above that of the average reader.

This demonstration is a difficult one to deal with from the standpoint of any one disinclined to accept the existence of such a cipher method, but a change of mind may perhaps come from the consideration of the facts here presented as they appeared to the writer, who endeavoured to conduct the investigation as impartially as possible. In this particular portion of the investigation, there is no question of partiality or impartiality, but merely of facts.

There seems no escape from the conclusion that Dr. Owen has discovered a method of deciphering which, in the case of the translation of the Iliad, at all events, is producing something which can be compared with an accepted work, and which, therefore, will bring the question upon a higher plane. Thus far, the world has been asked to accept as a demonstration of his method, books or "decipherings" which conflict with history, with public prejudices, and which were for most people absolutely beyond possible acceptance. If, however, Dr. Owen is able later, as he expects to be, to make a translation of the Iliad in which as marginal notes he proposes to give the source of every quotation, naming the chapter and page, or the act and scene, he will then have placed in the hands of all readers a demonstration which each may investigate in his own way. It is expected that this work will appear some time during the present year. An example of it (all that the writer could obtain permission to publish) is given in the following translation, and along side of it other translations of a similar portion of the poem * :—

* The references to the lines in the various plays are not given by Mr. Millet. We have traced the following :—

“ No sooner had god Phœbus’ brightsome beams
 Begun to dive within the western seas,
 And darksome Nox had spread about the earth
 Her blackish mantle, but a drowsy sleep
 Did take possession of the Grecian youths, (*Greene*)
 And all the night in silver sleep they spent. (*Spenser*)
 But all so soon as the all cheering sun
 Should in the farthest East begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora’s bed, (*Romeo and Juliet*)
 The Greeks have wind at will, the waters rise, (*Peele*)
 For has not the divine Apollo said : (*Winter’s Tale*)
 ‘ Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast, (*Henry IV.*)
 The sails of sendal spread unto the wind, (*Greene*)
 I promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
 And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
 Your royal fleet far off.’ (*Tempest*)

* * * * *

But Peleus’ valiant son, the great Archilles, (*Peele*)
 The ornament of great Jove’s progeny, (*Spenser*)
 Wrath kindled in the furnace of his breast, (*Marlowe*)
 That now no more of arms this warrior would, (*Peele*)
 Nor this so noble and so fair assembly
 Of noble heroes frequent.” (*Shakespeare*)

—(Bacon’s translation according to Dr. Owen).

[If the reader will compare this with half a dozen accepted translations, he will find that they all differ very largely in the degree of freedom. The use of the word “frequent” will be found in but one other case, namely, Buckley’s translation—which we give.]

“ . . . That day was held divine,
 And spent in peans to the Sun, who heard with pleased ear ;
 When whose bright chariot stoop’d to sea, and twilight held the clear,
 All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was worn,
 And when the lady of the light, the rosy finger’d morn,
 Rose from the hills, all frest arose, and to the camp retired,
 Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling bark inspired.
 The topmast hoisted, milk-white sails on his round breast they put,

| | | | |
|---------|-------------------------------------------------|-------------|-------------------------------------|
| Line 6. | <i>Fairy Queen</i> , vi., Canto ix., Stanza 22. | Line 14—16. | <i>The Tempest</i> , v. 1, 314—316. |
| „ 7—9. | <i>Rom. Jul.</i> , i. 1, 139—141. | „ 19. | Part 2. <i>Tamburlaine</i> , 1. |
| „ 10. | <i>The Tale of Troy</i> , p. 554. | „ 28. | <i>Tale of Troy</i> . |
| „ 11. | <i>Winter’s Tale</i> , v. 1, 37. | „ 21. | <i>Hen. VIII.</i> i. 4, 67. |
| „ 12. | 2 <i>Hen. IV.</i> iii. 1, 18. | „ 22. | <i>All’s Well</i> , ii. 1, 39. |

The mizens strooted with the gale, the ship her course did cut
So swiftly that the parted waves against her ribs did rore.

* * * * *

But Peleurs' son, swift-footed Achilles, at his swift ships sate,
Burning in wrath, nor ever came to councils of estate
That men make honor'd never trod the fierce embattail'd field."

—(Chapman's translation, 1598).

"But when the sun had set, and darkness came on, then they slept near the hawsers of their ships. But when the mother of dawn, rosy-fingered morning, appeared, straightway then they set sail for the spacious camp of the Achæans, and to them far-darting Apollo sent a favourable gale. But they erected the mast and expanded the white sails. . . . But the Jove-sprung son of Pileus, swift-footed Achilles, continued his wrath, setting at his swift ships, nor ever did he frequent the assembly of noble heroes, nor the fight."

—(Literal translation by Theodore Alois Buckley).

In regard to Dr. Owen personally, the writer has entire confidence in his honesty and in his earnestness. Opportunity was taken during his first visit to Detroit in 1893 to meet, unknown to him, a number of his friends and acquaintances, and to ascertain what was his reputation with people not his friends. This was done for the reason that a number of persons in the East, writing for newspapers, had openly asserted that he was a charlatan and an impostor, and it therefore seemed proper that the writer should inform himself. It was found without exception that the highest character of honesty and probity was given to Dr. Owen by all who had had any dealings with him; the only thing said against him was that he was a Baconian, and therefore a "crank."

In closing, the writer would ask the reader to refer once more to the two facts which every investigator will ultimately have to face—namely, either Dr. Owen is inventing these books, making up out of his own head the plans of them, or else he has found a cypher method. If the reader wishes to assume that all that the writer has ascertained is a mistake; that the writer is not, for any reason, capable of investigating and making an impartial and intelligent report, such a reader may be assured that the writer will not quarrel with his conclusion, but will in turn request such a reader to take up the only

remaining conclusion—namely, that *Dr. Owen invented these various books*. A few moments spent on that proposition with two or three of Dr. Owen's decipherings on the table will satisfy the reader that any man who can construct these books by putting together disconnected sentences from the various works named, is indeed a marvel. That he could also teach his assistants to do this would be still more marvellous. That he could teach them, for example, to quickly select in any one of about 800 references to "honor" in the concordance of the Folio of 1623, that particular one which will exactly fit into the sentence then being constructed, would be certainly very extraordinary. The further the reader investigates this proposition the more he will be amazed ; for if it be true, Dr. Owen is to be credited with intellectual powers so remarkable as to amount to genius, and he should be accredited accordingly and judged by the same standard as other geniuses. One critic who had been particularly severe was invited to Detroit by Dr. Owen, with expenses paid, and he was challenged to expose the "fraud." He declined the challenge, not wishing to travel so far with so little confidence ; he should, however, (in fairness) have taken it.

When the writer is asked whether he accepts all Dr. Owen has written, he says unhesitatingly that he does not. He furthermore is of the opinion that it is not necessary that these decipherings should be accurate statements of fact, as it is possible that the decipherings should contain a double meaning, which, when found, would be the main statement of fact. This was the common way. The writer does, however, feel as sure as it is possible for anyone to feel in a matter of this kind, that Dr. Owen has discovered a method which can be taught to his assistants, and which is so mechanical that they, although ignorant of the "Iliad," are enabled to pencil extracts from it the moment they see them in the works above mentioned.

It will be remembered that the "Omnia per Omnia" cipher invented by Francis Bacon, was made up entirely of the use of two letters—"a" and "b." It was a very laborious task to write a long letter by this method, because five letters were used to indicate one letter of the alphabet. Dr. Owen's cipher, depending entirely upon key-words, or concordents and key-words growing out of them, is such a method, as can be readily conceived, Francis Bacon would

naturally have invented as a sequel to the "Omnia per Omnia." It grows out of it. The practicability of this method has been very thoroughly illustrated by the work of several amateurs in Detroit, who, in response to a prize offered by a Detroit newspaper, wrote a series of five stories in which was concealed a sixth, and this sixth story was to be found by the use of Dr. Owen's cipher method. It was required of the successful competitor to write out the sixth story without any assistance, and a number were able to do so, thus demonstrating that without altering the sense, without changing the construction, or without hampering himself in any way apparent to the reader, the author of these five stories was able to conceal in them a sixth, readily deciphered after the method was known, but entirely different in construction and meaning. In this particular case the sixth, or hidden story, was a poem of some length.

(Signed) J. B. MILLET.

Boston, U.S.A.

NOTE.—In the preceding article the writer has concealed a statement in which he gives his opinion as to the course which Dr. Owen should have followed when he made his first announcement. This statement is enclosed in accordance with the method which Dr. Owen claims to have discovered, and by which he is producing his decipherings as above narrated. It has been impossible to present anything but a very simple and rigid illustration of the method—and imperfect at that. The desire to illustrate only the very foundation of the method has made the task difficult, and the results not altogether satisfactory to the writer. But, in any event, it illustrates how easily this cipher method may be concealed and with what security. The key-words are plainly given and relate (as they should) distinctly to the subject itself and the attitude of the public mind toward it. It is only necessary to find the key-words, copy a word or two which precede, and all that follows in each case, and then fit such fragments together so as to make a continuous statement. The key-words may be omitted or exchanged in making the concealed statement. The solution will be given in the next number of *BACONIANA*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have received many letters on "The Freemason Theory," which seems to have roused interest far beyond our immediate circle. So great is the diversity of opinions expressed, so opposed the assertions, so few the positive facts brought in their support, that for the present our hope of clearing away doubts and difficulties seems as far as ever from realization. Still it is something to have broken a gap into the matter, and we trust that friends at home and abroad will not relax their efforts to glean particulars, and to secure a firm basis upon which conclusions may safely be built. We have often had occasion to say, and now repeat, that the Bacon Society and the Editors of this little magazine have but one object in view—namely, the attainment of truth concerning Francis Bacon and the mysteries which surround him. There is, we hope and truly believe, not one amongst us who works for profit or for fame. On the contrary, we know that if "profit" and "gain," are considered to be convertible terms with *money-making* or lucrative acquisition, neither are to be hoped for in this pursuit. As to praise or credit, we esteem ourselves fortunate if we do not reap contempt or abuse for our reward. But we have learned how to win a losing match, and we have Bacon's word for it that "He that folowes his losses, and giveth soone over at wynnings, will never gayne by playe." The work itself is the only true reward, and "Joy's soul lives in the doing." True and well-substantiated facts are hard to come by, they can only be reached by patient labour and by careful sifting of a mass of evidence, some of which may prove to be irrelevant or intentionally misleading. We are still only "Pioneers in the mine of truth," thankful to catch sight of any grain of the precious metal which may guide us to the discoveries of some new vein, but at the same time we can superintend with satisfaction the pulverising and discarding of our most cherished theories if they cannot stand the crucial tests applied to them. Correspondents must believe this, and not be disheartened by delays and disappointments.

In endeavouring to weigh the evidence for and against the theories as to the Baconian origin of Freemasonry, we have in favour of such theories the following arguments :—

1. Those derived from the repeatedly expressed opinions of Bacon as to the value of Brotherhoods, Societies, and Co-operation, and Division of Labour. We find him reflecting upon the power of numbers, as against single or solitary efforts ; and in connection with such things he advocates the use of secrecy, with its adjuncts of secret signs, symbols, parabolic or

ambiguous language, and secret means of communication by gestures, and by writing or Ciphers.

2. He urges the importance of the Press as a powerful engine for the advancement of knowledge. Printers and publishers are found leagued in secret compact, using (in books of the 16th century as at the present time) secret marks in paper and printing, and apparently combining to suppress the name and fame of Francis Bacon, excepting in so far as concerns his public life. Printers and publishers are found, in England at least, to be nearly all Freemasons—Newspapers, to be especially controlled by Freemasons.

3. In collections of books made or enlarged in the times of Elizabeth and James I., and in important libraries from then until now, signs seem to have been traced of a system of secret control exercised over portions of the Books and MSS. Such controlled portions seeming to concern especially the printed works and MSS. of Bacon, and all else connected with him, engravings, blocks, portraits, medals, personal relics. Reserved or secondary catalogues have been found to exist, which seem to contain guides needful or useful to those engaged in Baconian research. Such collections, unattainable by ordinary means, appear to be open to initiated Freemasons. Certain marks in catalogues, both printed and MS., have proved useful as hints to the Baconian observers. Freemason experts seem to recognise these marks, and to evade interrogation respecting them.

4. Frequent experiments have shown that Freemasons of the lower grades, disconnected with the business of printing or publishing, and not in charge of public collections, profess themselves unaware of any connection between Baconism and Freemasonry, sometimes boldly declaring that no such connection exists. Yet until the present date, January, 1896, it has been found impossible to persuade a Freemason in the higher positions above indicated (controllers of important printing establishments, libraries or similar institutions) to confute or contradict the theories in connection with Francis Bacon, *i.e.*, that he was the practical founder of modern masonry, and that Freemasons control the press in general, and Baconian publications in particular.

5. John Evelyn, Secretary to the Royal Society, in dedicating his *'Acetaria'* to Lord Somers, Lord High Chancellor of England, and President of the Royal Society, gives as a reason for so doing, that "the idea and plan of the *Royal Society* having been first conceived and delineated by a *great and learned chancellor*, which high office your Lordship deservedly bears . . . it justifies the discernment of that Assembly to pitch upon your Lordship for their President." Presently, Evelyn judiciously leads the mind of the reader away from Bacon, to the idea of Lord Viscount Brouncker as "*a*

chancellor and a very learned lord, the first who honoured the chair" and to "a no less honorable and learned chancellor" (the Rt. Hon. Charles Montague) who "resigns it to your Lordship." But the ingenious Secretary contrives finally to let us know definitely (though *sub rosa*) who was the true founder. Having explained "the glorious ends of its institution," he compares the Royal Society to "the tabernacle in the wilderness, which was *ambulatory for almost forty years*. But Solomon built the first temple; and what forbids us to hope that as great a prince may build *Solomon's House*, as that *great chancellor* (one of your Lordship's learned *predecessors* had designed the plan; (here in the margin of the *second edition* are the words '*Verulamii*' and '*Atlantis*') there being nothing in that august and *noble model* impossible, or beyond the *power of nature*, and learned industry."

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, is hence acknowledged as the originator of the scheme for rebuilding Solomon's House, which, after forty years of obscurity and of moving from place to place, was planted at Burlington House, the members being incorporated into a great national institution "dedicated and set apart" under a royal charter "for the works of nature; delivered from those illusions and impostors that cloud and depress true philosophy . . . a shallow and superficial insight wherein, *as that incomparable person rightly observes*, having made so many atheists a profound and thorough penetration into her recesses (which is the business of the Royal Society) would lead men to the knowledge and admiration of the *glorious author*."

"Cowley" also, in "Verses to the Royal Society," and in "A Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy," four times mentions Bacon by name, as the true inaugurator of all the schemes in connection with these (See "*Works of Mr. Abraham Cowley*," 1669, London, H. Herringman. The pagination in this volume is full of "errors" and the numbers of the pages here mentioned are for the sixth time repeated in "Verses Written on Several Occasions;" they are pp. 39, 40, and 46 *twice*).

That the Royal Society truly, though privately, acknowledges Bacon as its founder or first cause, seems further evidenced by the fact that, the sole portrait which adorns the large library, is a copy of the bare-headed "Van Somers" painting at Gorhambury. Bacon, as presiding genius over that mighty institution, gazes calmly and observantly upon the readers; whilst the supposed, or ostensible founder and bestower of a charter upon the Society, Charles II., is remembered only by a bust placed on the staircase.

Readers will remark how frequently in the above notes, the words, "seem," "appear," "supposed," are used. Things are not always what they seem, so having replied to questioners on some points, and having

enumerated a few particulars which *seem* to connect Bacon with *English, modern, freemasonry*, with the press, and with some of our great libraries and scientific institutions, let us turn to the other side of the question.

From the Continent, and from America come very different tales. In France, Germany, and Italy, the word *freemason* seems to be associated with all that is bad. *Freemasonry* is considered to have for its object to overthrow authority and "the powers that be," in every department, whether of Church or State, of kindred or of society in general.

"Freemasons are really wicked men," writes one correspondent. "They profess themselves irreligious; they desire to uproot and overturn all that time and experience have pronounced to be the most honourable and respected . . . Their aim is to give license and liberty to the lower and less educated classes at the expense of the richer and more orderly cultivated." "Freemasonry in France" writes another, "is *abomination*. Many gross evils, and much misery are traceable to the vile machinations of this pernicious sect. Societies are only secret for evil purposes; the good seek the light."

Others, though in milder language, repeat the same ideas and sentiments, expressing surprise that Baconians should even desire to associate the name of the revered Lord Verulam with the principles and actions of a secret society so immoral and malevolent.

To all this (much of which is re-echoed from America) we can only reply that freemasonry abroad must have been, by the wearing action of time, and of many different minds working and wresting it to their own ends, *perverted from its original purposes*. If in those countries it has become an organ for irreligion, the cause will not be found in the excellent schemes, or in the largeminded, tolerant *universal* system of religion, philosophy, and plans for the good of man mapped out and promoted by Bacon. The cause may possibly be discovered in the fact that his marvellously ingenious method of binding men in brotherhoods, of controlling them as parts of a machine, and of propelling immense movements by means almost mechanical, and as it were by the touch of a spring, could be used for *the contraries of good and evil*.

That such a method could be as readily applied to effect evil as to work for good, it is easy to see, and any one who can afford the time to study Abbé Barreul's "Jacobinism" and De Quincey Adams' *Letters on the Masonic Institution*, will probably rise from the perusal impressed with the idea that Bacon's excellent methods *were* so perverted, and employed by Weishaupt and his colleagues to bring on the French Revolution, and to overturn Christianity, Monarchy, Society, and all forms of authority whatsoever. The student will further be able to trace the introduction of these

anarchical principles into America and other countries, and back into the British Islands. He may moreover read, weigh, and consider, in the accounts of the murder of William Morgan by the agency, and by the hands of a number of "highly respectable" Freemasons of advanced degrees (Mark Masons, Royal Arch, &c.), a dark picture (perhaps in these days impossible) of the extremes to which Freemasonry can go in its efforts to keep its (*useless*) secrets. The crime for which William Morgan was practically put through a prolonged martyrdom of nine days, and finally bound hand and foot, taken out by night, and sunk in the Mississippi, was this. He had allowed it to be known that *he (a non-Freemason) was about to publish an account of some Masonic ceremonies, oaths, obligations, and penalties which he had discovered.* The publication of these would doubtless prejudice public opinion against Masonry; but that Morgan should have been *murdered* for such a cause, seems as strange as horrible. "Judges, Sheriffs, Witnesses and Jurors were alike so entangled in the net of Masonry, that justice was prostrated in her own temple by the touch of her invisible hand." Masonic Grand and Petit Juries were summoned by Masonic Sheriffs, eager to sit upon the trials, perverting truth and justice when admitted on the array, and finally screening from conviction all who were concerned, and known to be implicated in the murder.

Inconceivable as we hold such doings to be in the present day, we nevertheless learn from these authentic records some things worthy of attention by those who would fathom the relations supposed to exist between the Press and Freemasonry, and between both of these and the method of Francis Bacon.

The odium which attached to Freemasonry on account of Morgan's murder, and the disclosures which ensued, for a time caused the almost total suppression or disappearance of the Brotherhood in America. The snake, however, was but scotched, not killed. In later years it revived, and again flourishes extensively in the States and other parts of the Western Continent. All the ordinary Masonic charges, ceremonies, oaths, obligations, and penalties, are now published, and non-Freemasons may know nearly as much about them as the brethren themselves. In these things there is nothing very interesting, nothing to incite desire for further information excepting in one or two particulars. But we must needs reflect that *if it were possible that, in order to suppress truth, and to conceal almost valueless secrets, Freemasons of respectability and position should band themselves together to murder a man, and afterwards to prevent the conviction of the murderers—it is quite possible that in the present day the same oaths and obligations which brought about these crimes, should be the means of similarly repressing the publication of truths far more valuable and important,*

secrets which in the first instance affected the lives and safety of Bacon and his friends, secrets upon which depended the whole fabric of the House of Wisdom, the very existence and development of all efforts for the advancement of learning, and the "*Great Restauration*."

True, that at the present day there is no fear of our being, "Like the Bees" who would gather honey, "murdered for our pains," but our efforts may be crippled, our hands tied, our books suppressed, and practically smothered or murdered, by the very same agency, and perhaps under similar obligations to those which impelled the assassins of the unfortunate William Morgan to a series of dastardly crimes.

Our knowledge of these things advances, but it is still very imperfect. *Even contradiction is welcome*, and helps us to discern truth from error. We can therefore only conclude as before, with an appeal to those who know, or who think that they know, to come forward and help us with their superior knowledge.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WE have much pleasure in announcing that Dr. George Cantor, Professor in Ordinary of Mathematics to the Universities of Halle and Saale and Wittenberg, has promised to contribute to the July number of *BACONIANA*, a paper containing historical facts, hitherto concealed, which will in the simplest and most conclusive manner reveal the truths concerning Francis Bacon which for so many years we have so intensely striven to reach.

Dr. Cantor will at the same time correct many errors and theories which have grown up around our great subject. We hail with the utmost satisfaction this promise of substantial help, with the prospect which it holds out of a speedy solution of many doubts and difficulties. Dr. Cantor's letter seems to come as a response to the appeal with which our previous notes conclude.

Baconians are earnestly requested to draw the attention of friends to this important notice.

Meetings will shortly be arranged, in order to read and consider the first epistle forwarded by Dr. Cantor, and to concert plans for ensuring that the matter communicated in this document shall be published beyond the circle of the Bacon Society.

